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through the veiling clouds,—all these are admirably rendered; and the grouping of the figures, though they have been described as being huddled together in an unintelligible mass, is nevertheless not without merits of effect that more than counterbalance the objection urged.

The other picture is also by a young man, F. D. Millet, a thorough artist and a graceful writer, the latter quality evinced in his well-considered, conscientious criticisms on current art matters in the *Daily Advertiser*. He went abroad for study four or five years ago, and was so successful that he took a medal at one of the leading art universities of a well-known continental city. His work is a study of a single figure, that of a rather elderly lady, in the costume of our great-grandmothers' days. When I saw it on exhibition at Williams & Everett's gallery for a day or so a short time ago, there were some bad lines of drawing, evidently, about the neck, that detracted somewhat from other good qualities, and the face was not at all pleasing. In fact, so far as the face was concerned, it told no story or illustrated no sentiment whatever. If there had been no other object but presenting a strong portrait of a commonplace sort of woman, with a face full of platitudes of expression, the object had been attained indisputably. But a subject so large and important as this should tell an unmistakable story in an intelligent way—by facial expression as well as drapery painting. This latter feature, by the way, is of the highest order of execution,—painted solidly, with good color and excellent texture. In fact, I remember no better painting of drapery by any Boston artist during the season. It might be remarked, parenthetically, that this face satisfies the less because Mr. Millet has shown what he can do in heads,—one which he showed lately of an elderly gentleman being exquisite in color and strong in handling, showing the power of conscientious work added to technical knowledge of a marked character. Mr. Millet is one of our strongest young men, and his future career is undoubted.

A word more, in this connection, of the remarkable success achieved in the direction of reproducing, in sculpture, the spirit and feeling, as well as garb, of revolutionary days, by Daniel C. French, in "The Minute-Man of 1775," of which I spoke briefly in a former letter, the bronze, in heroic size, standing on the spot where the famous "Concord fight" took place, where it was placed last year. The artist's model, from which the bronze was cast, has lately been placed on exhibition at the gallery of Doll & Richards, and will be sent to the Centennial. The figure is full of life and spirit; and the stern, unflinching patriotism of those days is as strikingly manifest in the face and attitude as in the garb, which is a very faithful study. The very embodiment of a revolutionary patriot is present. The work was done in Boston, in a modest, unpretending way; and possibly that was one reason of its success, inasmuch as the model was not of such a different nationality from our own as are the French types that Mr. Bacon must have been compelled to accept. And what makes the matter of the success of this work the more pleasing to his friends, and surprising to critics who do not look deeper than to mere local, puny limitations to art, which genius always overrides relentlessly,—Mr. French, so I am told, never studied outside Boston or his Concord home. And here a word as to foreign study, which may almost as easily be made an injury to the student as a benefit, if appropriate care is not taken to avoid the one and secure the other. We have a number of young men in Boston who have been absolutely spoiled as true American artists, for a number of years, because they went to Europe before their style, their touch, or their ideas were formed, or even dreamed of, or their character as artists assured. Foreign study should enlarge the ideas, not form them—should enable us to reflect credit on American art, not copy foreign masters' works or styles. An artist had better never go to Europe than go before he has produced at least one creditable work, and discovered what he can do and how he can do it.

—Earl Marble.

ABANDONING THE ACTEON.

In a fine picture in the present number, engraved by Cole, from an original drawing by J. O. Davidson, is illustrated an event having especial appropriateness at this date, the one hundred years having just been completed since the occurrence, or so nearly that the difference is only a matter of days. Most of our pictures illustrative of the Centennial, have thus far had their location in Northern waters or on Northern shores: this, on the contrary, is one of the incidents in the Revolutionary history of Charleston Harbor—a locality which seems destined, in all stages of the nation's history, to be the scene of stirring actions and the witness of the most undaunted human bravery.

The time of this occurrence was the close of June, 1776, when Charleston was beleaguered by the British land and naval forces, the former under the command of Lieutenant-General Clinton (afterward Sir Henry), and the latter of that brave and generally successful naval officer, Commodore (afterward Admiral) Sir Peter Parker. Boston had been evacuated, it will be remembered, on the 17th March of that year, while those preparations were making, soon to culminate in the Declaration of Independence. On this evacuation, both the fleet and army retired to Halifax, but undoubtedly even then with the intention of making the descent on the Southern coast, which almost immediately afterward followed. At all events, on the 4th of June, while the initial debates preceding the Declaration were in progress at Philadelphia, the fleet of the British appeared off Charleston Bar, and preparations were at once commenced for an attack both by land and sea. The troops effected a landing on Long Island; but the fort on Sullivan's Island nobly withstood any further advance, and dependence very soon began to be placed on the effect of a bombardment.

This fort on Sullivan's Island, afterward to be so long and so well known as Fort Moultrie (the name bestowed in honor of the then commander), was under the charge of Colonel Moultrie, with the supreme command, over all the American forces, of Major-General Lee. It contained twenty-six guns, and was garrisoned by some four hundred men, with other troops at hand to watch the enemy on Long Island, and to oppose any attempt at landing. On the 28th June, Sir Peter Parker drew up his fleet and commenced shelling the fort. This naval force consisted of Sir Peter's flag-ship, the *Bristol*, 50; the *Experiment*, 50; the *Active*, *Solebay*, *Acteon* and *Siren*, each 28; and the *Sphinx*, 20—the whole array of guns being thus something over 200, against the small and feeble armament of the fort. From ten o'clock in the forenoon until well on to midnight, that attack and defense were kept up, with such spirit that the whole scene has been in several instances embalmed in romance and song, as one of those type conflicts involving the picturesque in an unusual and commanding degree.

With the special operations of that attack and defense we have in this place nothing to do, until the coming of that one crowning scene adopted for our illustration. The fire of the ships, it is recorded, was rapid; that of the fort much slower, but of deadly and effective aim, many of the shot from the latter going actually through and through one or another of the vessels. At one time the *Sphinx* and *Siren* were fouled, so as nearly to put them out of the conflict, in any effective sense; and the *Acteon* had the misfortune to ground, eventually putting her out in the most effectual manner—that fact forming the catastrophe of the day as well as the subject of our picture.

History has long since recorded, and not only the American but literally the whole world learned, that, though at one time the garrison of the fort ran so nearly out of ammunition as to make the British temporarily believe it evacuated, it rallied again under a new supply, and eventually made the spot too hot even for the undeniably brave officers and men of the hostile squadron. Sir Peter Parker, after at one time nearly losing the *Bristol* from her swinging broadside to the embrasures, at length gave the signal for with-

drawal. This was effected with all the vessels except the *Acteon*, she being too firmly aground for extrication. From her they withdrew her people the next morning, leaving her guns shotted and her colors flying. She was immediately boarded by the Americans, who hauled down the defiant ensign, fired a few of their own shots at the retreating ships, and then left the doomed vessel to the explosion which soon followed.

It is the scene of the withdrawal of her officers and men from the *Acteon*, in the gray of the morning after the great conflict, that our artist has caught with such force and appropriateness. And we take equal pride and pleasure in presenting, in THE ALDINE, on the very verge of the Centennial of American Independence, a representation of a scene which accompanied the roaring of the glorious guns of Charleston, fired so near to the time of the crowning event that they seemed to have been used for its commemoration.

THE DARK ENTRY, CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.

AMONG the most notable pictures in the late Water-Color Exhibition, at the New York Academy of Design, was No. 20, "The Dark Entry, Canterbury," by A. F. Bellows, which we have the pleasure of reproducing in the present number of THE ALDINE, as conveying, in a remarkable degree for such limited space, the scenic effect and the feeling of this most noted of the English religious houses. This fine picture has appropriate place, here, in connection with the series of illustrations of the British cathedrals, for so long a time occupying a part of our space; and from no other point of view than the one selected could so much be taken in at once, of the grandeur of the great central tower—the ivy-grown and gray antiquity of that portion of the venerable building here called as above, but often designated generally as the "Canterbury Gate"—and the drooping luxuriance of the noble old trees overhanging and clinging close around the walls, as if wood and stone had formed some kind of an affectionate union for all time; while the home and central place of worship of the English church is subtly indicated by the line of robed and capped acolytes taking their way out from some service the very notes of which seem ringing, as we look, to the ear of the imagination.

A grand old building is Canterbury Cathedral, altogether well worthy to be that central home of the state church; and a grand old history attaches to it, as is inevitable with one of the earliest settled places in the British Islands, reached by the long look backward of the historical student. It is highly appropriate that the "first English Christian city" of the far past should now hold the metropolitan see of the whole broad land; and if much of interest is necessarily hidden away in the mists of time, fully enough remains, alike well authenticated and absorbingly interesting, to make any reminder something well worth the reading. American visitors to England, especially, many of whom pass the magnificent town of Canterbury, on their way by rail from London to Dover and the sights of the continent, would be the wiser, and the better repaid for the expenditure and the toil of their tours, if they paid something closer attention than is usual to this grand old home and virtual birthplace of Christianity in Great Britain. They may not be the less wise, meanwhile, for a few words of general reminder of the structure of which the "Dark Entry" forms so picturesque a portion, and around which probably cluster as many memories of the sacred, the heroic and the melancholy, as around any other building on the face of the earth.

Where this cathedral stands, once stood the ancient Roman or British church, said to have been erected by King Lucius, and bestowed upon the early evangelist of the islands, St. Augustine, by the Saxon King Ethelbert—the act being often recalled by religious writers and their opponents, as "the earliest monument of the English union of Church and State." This church, nearly destroyed by the Danes in 1011, was rebuilt by the celebrated and powerful King Canute (also a Dane), about 1023; but even this second structure was not allowed very long to remain,



ABANDONING THE ACTEON, 1776. — J. O. DAVIDSON.

it being completely destroyed, whether by accident or design, in 1067. Archbishop Lanfranc, the first ecclesiastic of that dignity after the coming of the Norman conquerors, rebuilt the whole church in the twenty years elapsing between 1070 and 1090; but Archbishop Anselm, his next successor, was not satisfied even with this (the pride and the wealth of ecclesiastics, at about that period, being equally overweening); and accordingly all the eastern portion of the structure of Lanfranc was taken down and rebuilt on a far more magnificent scale; and *his* successor, Archbishop Conrad, finished the chancel, which was thereafter known as the "glorious choir of Conrad." The structure, thus completed, was dedicated in 1130; and between that time and 1170, nothing of sufficient importance occurred, with reference to the cathedral, to make it a special matter of historical interest. This

was a sort of historical "calm before the storm," however; for, for many a long year thereafter Canterbury Cathedral had a new and fearful attraction to the gazer, from the murder therein of an ecclesiastic, over whose fate the fact that he probably richly deserved his death in that or some other manner, did not prevent such a world-wide ecclesiastical "row" as that world has seldom witnessed.

Henry II., more or less King of England, as his turbulent barons and his surrounding priests allowed him to be, came into knowledge of certain practices of the archbishop. Thomas à Becket, leading to the impression that the two of them could not well exist in a country no larger than England, at the same time. The king inaugurated certain proceedings against the prelate, leading to his flight from the kingdom, followed by what appeared a reconciliation, a

return, and the recommencement of the prelatical practices, to the increasing discontent of the king, who foresaw something very like rebellion in prospect, from the course pursued by the archbishop. Some hasty words of the king against Becket were (or possibly were not!) misconstrued by some of his barons, who on the 22d of December, 1170, did what they believed to be the will of the king and a benefit to England, by slaying the archbishop in the cathedral, at the foot of the altar, where the very spot of the violence is shown to this day. The consequences following might have been anticipated. The king was not strong enough for the church, when a horde of turbulent barons were likely to rebel against him at any moment. Becket was canonized, and the king so severely dealt with by the reigning Pope, that in order to appease the ecclesiastical power he was